ADULTS ONLY $5

The Art of PIERCED PENISES

and Decorative Tattoos

PHOTO ILLUSTRATED

The Art of PIERCED PENISES

Doug Malloy

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INTRODUCTION

Piercing various parts of the body in order to wear jewelry and other adornments is a practice that goes back to the most ancient times. In many cultures even today, piercing is a revered tradition and sometimes a part of religious practice.

Of course, even in our modern culture, many women have their ears pierced for wearing earrings. And it has been a long tradition among seafaring men to have one ear pierced so that a gold earring can be worn.

But with the current growing interest in sado-masochistic practices has come a concurrent interest in piercing. By no means is this kind of cult piercing confined to the ears, although a man wearing an earring in either his left or right ear may be identifying his sexual scene just as the position of his key ring on his belt loop tells us if he is a slave or master.

Many slaves these days have their nipples pierced in order to wear chains suspended from them. This not only aids in manipulating the nipples, but often weights are suspended from the chains, giving the nipples the kind of stretching workout that can't be achieved in any other way.

Likewise, piercing the foreskin or even the cockhead is gaining in popularity. In ancient time, real slaves were often pierced and ringed by their masters as a way of enforcing celibacy. The rings were only removed when the master decided he wanted his slaves to mate and breed.

Today, S&M slaves have their foreskins pierced for much the same reasons. There is no more effective way to prevent a man from getting an erection than to have a gold ring holding his foreskin together. Again, weights are often hung from a pierced cock or scrotum to add excruciating delight to a heavy S&M scene.

It should be emphasized that piercing is not a particularly dangerous or even painful practice, so long as normal rules of hygiene are observed. A surgical steel needle is the best instrument to be used and care should be taken to see that it is properly sterilized.

To keep the wound open, it is common practice for a surgical steel or gold ring to be inserted immediately after piercing, although at times another kind of retainer, even cord, is used. The opening should be kept clean and lubricated, with the ring or retainer rotated several times a day to keep the flesh from adhering. Normally, the pierced area heals in one to two weeks.

After the initial healing takes place, if the slave wishes it, he can begin to slowly increase the size of the ring or stud, thereby increasing the size of the opening. Eventually, as you will see, even a small lock can be used in place of the ring that starts the process.

While piercing is as permanent as tattooing, pierced openings gradually close if not used regularly, so that if a certain amount of time passes without the opening being used, the hole will be almost undetectable.

It should be pointed out that the pain—contrary to what most people think—is not excruciating, nor does it last for long. But the possibilities for innovative play after the hole has healed are added to immeasurably. Just imagine yourself leading your slave around with a leash attached to his nipples or cock. You will always command instant obedience! And if your slave loves to have his nipples worked on, as most slaves do, he will be ecstatic when you add weights to the rings you've placed in his paps.

With all S&M relationships, caution should rule the master as well as the slave. Mutual trust is imperative in a good slave-master relationship and with piercing a part of the scene, the possibility of real damage is always present. A good master always respects the limits of his slave's endurance and should never go farther than common sense allows.

There are practical as well as erotic reasons for piercing. The following first person account of a piercing addict's experiences of over forty years of piercing pleasure is one of the most lucid and interesting accounts you are ever likely to find.

A PIERCING FREAK REMEMBERS

What makes me a piercing freak? Hell, I was born one. There's always been something in my genes making me turn on to piercing. My piercings enhance my sexual equipment or at least call attention to my sexual desires. Some people get pierced for different reasons—vanity or bravado. Not me. None of my piercings have been stretched as some piercing freaks do. My holes are what they call "sleeper size," which serves my purposes just fine. These are permissive times. Wear an earring (or two or three) if you feel like it. To hell with convention.

When I was about three years old, I first noticed that some people had unusual ornaments in their ear lobes. I was so fascinated that I asked a lady visiting our house to remove her earrings and put them on me. My mother was horrified and told me to keep my mouth shut and never think, much less say, such awful things again.

In my pre-adolescent days I spent many evenings at the local library looking through the old volumes of *National Geographic* to find examples of native piercings. I carried around a little notebook for quick access to my favorite piercing styles. Of course all natives were clothed for the photographer, but in my fantasies I mentally undressed them.

About that time I found a glass headed corsage pin that I stuck through the skin of my balls. Wow, that was a thrill and it really didn't hurt much. Besides, it looked good on my skin. Saturday night was bath night and my corsage pin got the same workout I did. My mother couldn't figure why it took me so long to take a bath.

When I was twelve we moved to a very small town. We lived next door to my mother's older sister, a dominant, strong-willed woman. Her son Lloyd, six years older than I, had had a terrible case of measles at age three or four which affected his eyes. Aunt Bertha was determined that her only son would have

normal eyesight. There has always been an old wives' tale that putting gold rings in the earlobes "strengthens weak eyes." Aunt Bertha ordered a pair of gold ear sleepers for Lloyd from the Sears Roebuck catalog.

The local lady "ear piercer" arrived on Saturday afternoon. Of course, I was there to watch the act. Lloyd was perched on the kitchen stool as the lady went to work on his ears. As my eighteen-year-old, hairy-chested cousin was forced to submit to such "indignities," I was getting such a tremendous thrill from the whole experience that I shot my little wad.

I was disappointed that the piercing lady did not immediately insert the gold rings. Instead she used a darning needle to make the hole, then followed with a broom-straw "as a retainer," as she called it. The following Saturday the lady came back to check her handiwork. She apparently was satisfied, so the retainers were extracted, leaving little holes in Lloyd's ears. Then the gold sleepers were permanently put in the little holes. What a thrill I got out of that experience. I wished I had been the one with the weak eyes.

PIERCING DREAMS

My high school days passed slowly. I continued to dream of piercings and other forms of body adornment, but I was too shy or timid to do anything about it, except fantasize.

My world suddenly expanded when I went away to the state university with the intention of becoming a marine biologist. I was physically big, muscular and strong, even rugged, and had been a champion swimmer in my high school days. At the end of my freshman year, one of the professors arranged for me to be on his team of shallow-water divers for the three summer months. We were to examine harbor pilings for marine worms which were eating the docks. We were also to plant seed oysters from Japan to start new oyster beds.

I was assigned to an area to be surveyed where regular divers were working and they issued my diving gear: woolen underwear, rubberized canvas dry diving suit and helmet. I was to

learn much that summer.

The pay was a fabulous $2.50 per hour "down time," which means when you are actually under water. Up time didn't count. I was a reasonably good diver, but I didn't realize that the gurgling water around my suit would make me want to piss constantly. Maybe it was psychological, but the first week I was up more than I was down. In that old style diving suit it's a terrible thing to foul your suit. You have to flush it out and it takes a couple of days to dry it, so any error would cost you money.

One of the regular divers, Kurt, only a few years older than I, helped me out. He told me to send to the city for a man's rubber urinal, which holds the cock and balls and attaches to a rubber tube down the leg to a bladder strapped to your calf. It arrived and it also worked. I was able to stay down for longer periods and enjoyed my work for the first week. However, the thing irritated my cock and balls so much they became a bloody mess. I used all the Vaseline I could find, but the oil base dissolved the rubber sheath that enclosed the whole genital area. I became very discouraged. My world seemed about to collapse. It had seemed such a good job.

It finally dawned on me that the other divers must have had the same problem. Thus, there must be a solution. I told Kurt about my problem and he assured me that there was a solution if I was willing to submit to a small operation. He called me into his bedroom in the bunkhouse, undressed, and showed me the gold ring he wore through the underside of the head of his cock. It went through the urethra and angled back toward the frenulum. It was a thick ring about 5/8" in diameter.

The regular divers didn't use the typical rubber male genital bag requiring straps and buckles. Instead, they pierced their cocks with the gold ring and attached a very small rubber nipple over the tip of the cock, with the ring inside. The nipple was internally secured to the gold ring. The nipple cup fit snugly to the rubber tube, making it urine proof. The entire scrotum and cock were kept free and ventilated without constant chafing.

DREAM COMES TRUE

My head was in a whirl. I was groggy with delight. To be pierced for a useful purpose was too good to be true. My fondest dream seemed to be coming true. I asked Kurt if he would do the piercing for me. He said he would but he would prefer that I ask Ole, an older Swede who had more experience. He was sort of the elder statesman of the group and Kurt felt it would be politic if I'd ask him.

That afternoon Ole came home and I asked him the question. "Ya, I'd pierce your cock," he said in his thick Swedish accent. "Tonight, if you want it." I said, "Ya, tonight, I'm sure I'll be a better man for it."

During dinner in the mess hall I hardly ate. Ole puffed on his pipe, one pipeful after another. How could I hold out any longer? Finally he stood up, knocked the ashes from his pipe and said, "Come on, kid," and I followed him to his room.

In my enthusiasm I had not realized that Ole had been drinking all day. Ole motioned for me to sit on the only chair and he sat on the bed. I took my cock out for him to look over. I've always been big for my age (then 19). I was reasonably well-hung and circumcised at birth. Most of the Swedes went uncut with their ring keeping their foreskins retracted. Kurt wandered in and saw Ole examining me and they discussed the placement and procedure.

After considerable deliberation and discussion Ole went to his dresser and brought out a tin tobacco box. Out came a medium-sized, curved sail needle threaded with heavy black thread. Kurt held my cock while Ole went at it. I was on cloud nine and shot my wad before Ole actually touched it. I had to excuse myself and get cleaned up before continuing.

The next few minutes were sheer disaster. Ole's hand had the shakes and his vision was blurry. The first point of contact with the needle was a long way from the target. There were several misdirected jabs and I got less and less enthusiastic about the whole idea. Finally Kurt stepped in and offered Ole a beer. Ole gladly accepted and stood aside while Kurt went about the

business of piercing my cock. With Kurt's steady hand and expertise, the whole project was neatly finished within a few minutes. There was no great pain, just a steady pressure from inside and soon the point of the needle was visible, at the perfect place for it. As he pushed a little more, the whole needle came through and Kurt "rattled" it (worked it back and forth) to stretch the newly-pierced hole.

SLIGHT STING

After the rattling process the needle slipped through easily and brought with it the doubled thread. Kurt made a large loop and knotted the ends. He told me to move the thread from end to end several times a day. The only discomfort was a slight sting when I pissed. It was amazing how quickly the piercing healed. It seemed like less than a week.

About ten days after the piercing—and the next chance we had to get into town and visit the jewelry shop—Kurt went with me and bought the gold ring to fit me. It was a little ring that I wore for many years. It really became a part of me. Since then I've replaced it with a new ring, but there will always be a ring of some sort down there.

In the meantime Kurt modified my rubber urinal. He cut it down, just enough to cover the end of my cock. From the inside of the rubber cup he attached a rubber band to hold the head of the cock in the cup with a small hook inside my newly-installed ring. It was all very clever, and a delightful sensation.

There was no further discomfort. It was a perfect solution to the problem. There is also another happy side to this encounter. I like to fuck as well as the next guy and on Saturday evenings when we all went into town we never had any trouble finding partners. The divers had a reputation for giving great sex. That gold ring was wild!

Later I learned that my piercing was called a Prince Albert—named for the husband of Queen Victoria. The historians say that Albert wore one to retract his foreskin to keep it from becoming "foul-smelling" when he visited the Queen. True

or false, it makes an interesting story.

The following summer I got an even better paying diving job. By now I was more experienced and on Saturday nights I was capable of laying at least five guys. The same gold ring was still working wonders for my reputation as a lover.

Around Labor Day I was offered a full scholarship to one of the most prestigious Eastern universities. It was time for a change and I was ready for a new adventure. My professor, who had gotten me the diving job, suggested that I would be happier as an anthropologist than a marine biologist and he arranged for the transfer. It was a big jump, but somehow I bridged the gap and was soon accepted.

My roommate, Jake, was a senior and I was a junior. He kept me from making any big social mistakes and we got along fine. Sometime during the first semester, Jake mentioned a meeting that was going to be held in one of the frat houses with a representative from the Cyprian Society. I agreed to go with Jake, who I should add was Jewish.

About 30 men attended this meeting. The speaker outlined the objectives of the Cyprian Society. It was formed right after World War I to offset the indiscriminate circumcision of male babies who didn't have a choice or a chance to fight back. I hadn't realized there were such strong feelings on the subject, especially among Jews. They bitterly resented that they had been ceremoniously circumcised.

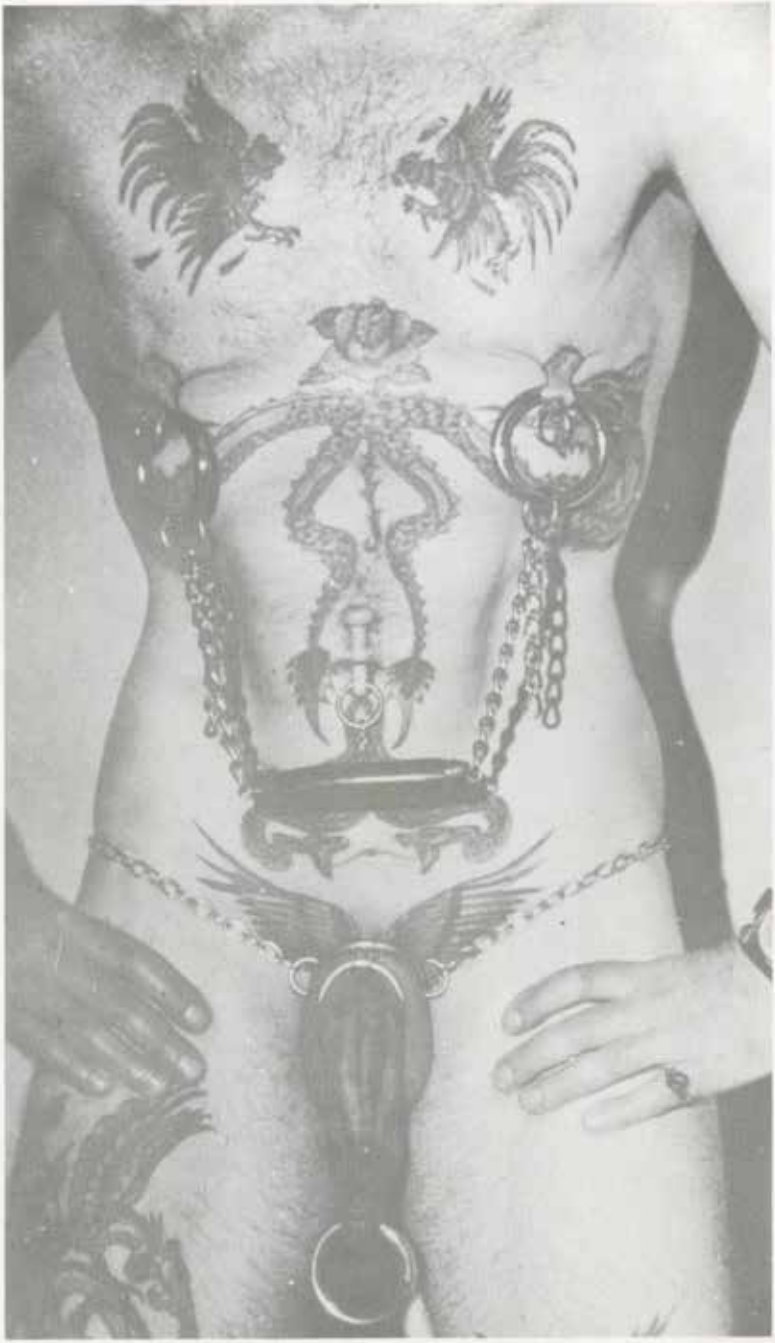
BOMBSHELL

Then the speaker dropped a bombshell. He advocated piercing the sides of the glans on the head of the cock to put in special little studs. These studs heighten the sexual pleasure by increasing the friction during intercourse and offset the thickened and less sensitive skin of the circumcised cockhead which comes with the loss of the foreskin.

Later that evening Dr. Rosenthal (a very young M.D. and the representative who spoke) privately showed me his glans piercing. Not to be outdone, I showed him my own piercing. That was a switch! The young doctor creamed his jeans and I took it in good stride. After all, I had had some previous experience in such matters, more than he had realized.

There were several more meetings. Some guys stopped attending and some new ones joined. I was the leader, naturally, and the first one to sign up for the piercing. Jake signed up also and we were given an appointment for the following night. Jake was sorry he had ever suggested going in the first place, but I wouldn't let him back down. I was thrilled beyond words. Jake was worried, so I calmed his fears and told him that I'd go first.

The piercing wasn't as painful as some may think. It might



be, if it's done slowly, exerting a steady pressure. The "operator" who worked on me was a medical student I had never seen before. He was an expert and knew what he was doing and went right ahead with it. The most important part of such a piercing is the placement. To achieve the maximum sensation, the wearer (me, in this case) holds his cock in his hand and rotates it 90 degrees to the right exposing the left side of the shaft. The piercings are done with hollow needles which have a flattened side like a hypodermic needle without the syringe attachment.

The operator selects the exact center of the side of the shaft, then pierces through the glans edge at exactly 90 degrees to the edge of the glans, with the needle entering from the bottom

groove. The needle is pressured from the surface of the shaft until the needle emerges on the top side. It requires several minutes for the needle to travel through the spongy material of the glans. Both the left and right side of the glans are done with the needles forced through at exactly parallel lines of travel so the piercings are at exactly the same angle. This results in a matched pair.

Within a few minutes both penetrations were accomplished and I was none the worse for wear. I had exactly parallel needles sticking through the sides of my cock, somewhat like a man-size pickle fork.

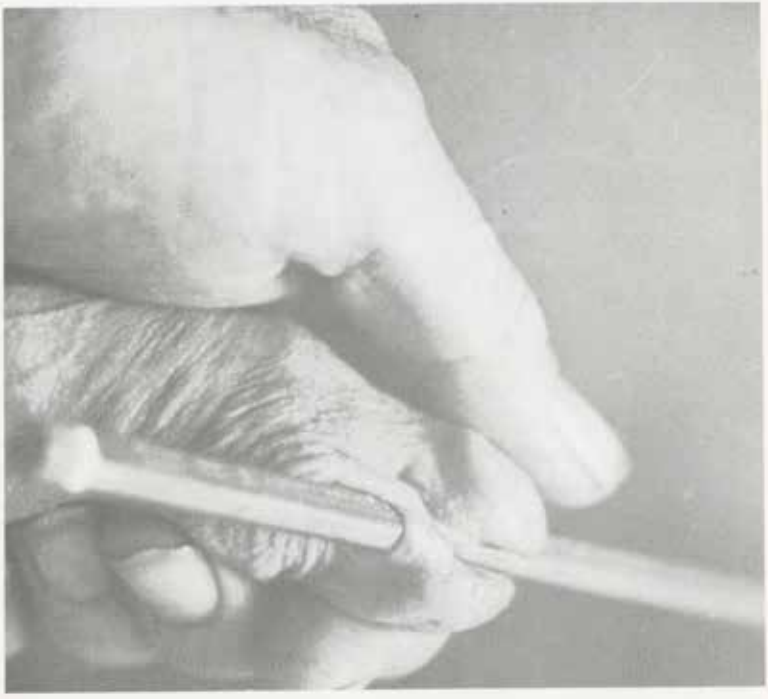
Tiny 14-carat wire retainer rings were fitted down inside the hollow needles and withdrawing the needles pulled the retainers into the piercings. The withdrawal procedure sometimes brings a flow of blood. The operator shakes some alum powder on the holes to stem the flow. Usually the bleeding is of very short duration.

The operator bathed my cock, dusted it with some antiseptic powder and put several layers of gauze around it. I put my pants on and watched Jake get his turn. He took it like a man, maybe because I had set a good example. Me, I'd have had it done every day if I'd had the chance. Total time for both of us was about 40 minutes.

The piercing usually takes about three to four weeks to fully heal. After six to eight days it forms a hard spot around each penetration and becomes somewhat thicker than normal, but never particularly painful. The operator said, "After the piercing, forget sex for a month, but be sure to bathe it daily and dust it with antiseptic powder."

GOLD STUDS

Within three to four weeks the lumps slowly dissolved and when the area of the glans was normal again it was time to think about some kind of studs. Dr. Rosenthal had some gold studs available in various lengths, with solid screw ends, to fit the individual. Both ends were the same diameter and really very



handsome. At this writing it's been years since this happened and I still treasure those little gold dydoes (as they are called by afficionados of the art of piercing). I've removed them many times but always put them back where they belong. As someone once said of them, "they are my constant companions and always give that added sensation, a little something extra in my sex life, that delicious little something for the man who has everything."

I graduated just before the outbreak of World War II and our age group was one of the first to be called up. The Cyprian Society got lost in the shuffle. For my graduation present, my aunt gave me a gift of cash. I went to Hawaii as a beach bum. One of my beach bum friends, Moki, was the first person I'd ever seen with a navel piercing. Wow, that was a whole new dimension in the scheme of sexual attractions.

My two previous piercing encounters were for useful purposes, but this one was strictly advertising. It let others know you were interested and man, how it worked! Many beach bums wore these navel piercings. Tattooing was also part of the required image, socially acceptable even among girls.

When I had a little cash windfall I went into a tattoo parlor and asked the prices at the best-known establishment in Honolulu. I was shocked at how much it cost for even a modest size design, too rich for my blood. One of my beach bum friends had a mail order tattooing machine. It was in constant demand but the quality of the work was awful; I couldn't see getting one of those tatoos and I couldn't afford the good ones. Unfortunately I never have gotten one.

Moki did take me to a Chinese jewelry shop on River Street where they got their navel piercings. A navel piercing is quick and easy if your navel is formed so you can get behind, at or into the opening. Some people cannot be pierced there because there is no real opening.

After a little Chinese negotiating we agreed on a complete navel piercing job for $2.50 and I laid the cash on the counter. I looked around for a back room with a curtain but there was none. So I stood at the end of the counter while the little Chinese merchant squatted on a small stool and with a very dull, old-fashioned straight razor scraped the hairs off my belly, without benefit of shaving cream or lather. He then took a length of gold wire and filed it to a fine point. He put his left little finger up into my navel opening and found the center spot and then slowly pushed the pointed wire through the fleshy overhang.

Soon he felt the point touching his finger. With a pair of fine jeweler's pliers he fashioned a nice little gold ring just the right scale for my belly button. It was all done in about 10 or 15 minutes and at very little cost. It was sore for a few days, but the salt water in the ocean was a natural cleansing and healing agent.

After V-E Day, I went back into anthropology to work on a Ph.D. The subject I selected (naturally) was "male initiation rites in Borneo," which gave me a wonderful opportunity for further study of piercings.

On my return from Borneo and New Guinea I stopped off in Tahiti to compile the data I had collected. It was there that I

met Reggie Jones, a delightful soul who greatly enriched my life. Reggie, an Australian, was a seaman on a tramp steamer in the copra trade when he was young. Reggie had jumped ship and stayed in Tahiti. He married a native girl and they had seven sons. When I knew him he was 60 and I was 30.

Reggie taught me about Tahitian sex lore. The natives wear a *pareo*, a square of cotton fabric draped around the hips and never in such a way as to bind or constrict the genital area. They wear no cloth between the legs since it would prevent the cooling breezes needed for comfort.

BEHIND THE BALLS

Many males, at the age of 12 to 14, pierce the thin web of skin behind the balls and halfway between the legs, sort of an equidistant triangle—seen from the floor looking up.

The hole is usually large enough for a pencil and the purpose is to hang a leather thong through it. Hanging on the thong is a shell or rock, or anything heavy enough to dangle from a three

or four-inch thong. Even a lead sinker did very well in a pinch. The French colonists called this unique piercing a *guiche,* meaning "opening in something."

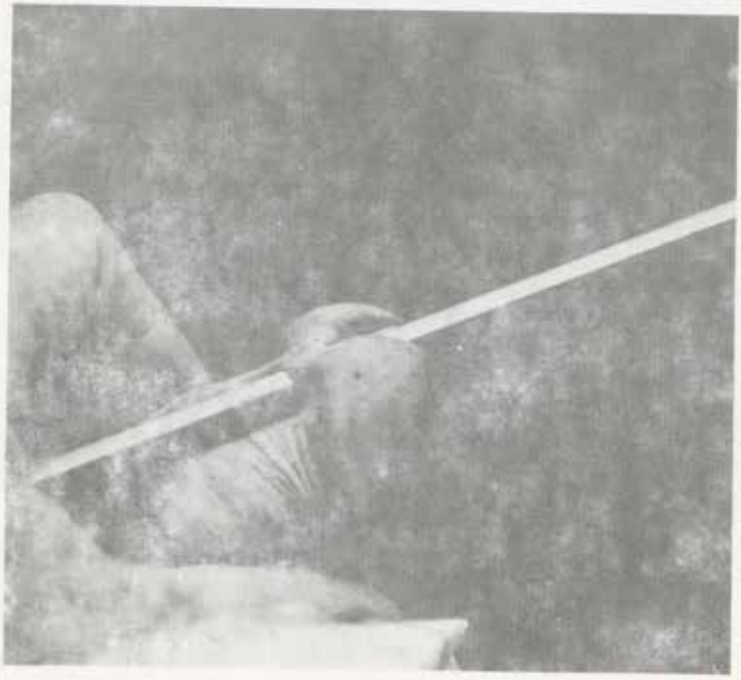
When Reggie told me this I started panting. Here we go again! Reggie showed me his adornment. I had to have one to "keep up with the Joneses." The following day, after our night of fishing, we went into the Chinese general store and Reggie bought a ring for me. That afternoon Reggie looked me over and was amazed at my other piercings.

Then he showed me where the guiche would be most practical for my purpose. I slipped off my pareo, leaned over, hands on thighs. From the rear, Reggie did the honors. He placed the ring in properly and squeezed it gently but firmly. So quick and easy, no aftercare, no real preparation for its installation.

Today my guiche piercing is permanently placed and the bangle is removed when not being used. It's not pencil size, but a modest 5/8" interlocking ring. I never remove my guiche ring because it never interferes with tight underwear. One of the real pleasures of life is a guiche, even if you're not able to wear the tropical clothing for which it is intended. While walking the bangle bangs against my balls and legs and gives me an added delight, a constant reminder that I'm a fully developed sexually adequate man.

In the course of the years I've been involved in some exciting experiments. Once in Florida we decided to extend my orginal through-the-end Prince Albert to connect it at the same angle to a hole coming out of the top of my cockhead. The trans-piercing was no problem and healed soon, but it was never a pleasure to wear a stud or ring through it. There was a constant irritation so the piercing was abandoned. However, it is still "on call" if wanted for later action.

Once a piercing freak, always a piercing freak. I pity the poor lonesome sonofabitch who locks himself in the closet. He is missing so much. Piercing can be a real joy to do and have done by another who appreciates it. The loners are short-changing themselves. Under the right conditions, piercing is one of the greatest indoor sports.



TATTOOING AS AN ART FORM

TATTOOING AS AN ART

As readers of this book have no doubt noticed, most of the illustrations in this book show models who, in addition to being pierced, are also extensively tattooed.

The art of tattooing is almost as old as piercing and the two seem to go naturally together.

In modern days, tattooing has attained great popularity among both sexes and with modern, transistorized tattooing machines, not only is it almost painless, much more intricate and beautiful design can be achieved.

Many artists, who work also in other artistic mediums, have taken up the art of tattooing in recent years, which adds to the artistic designs that can now be applied to the body.

Not too many years ago, the only extensive tattoo designs that could be seen were on freaks in circus sideshows, many of whom often had their entire bodies covered with tattoo designs.

Today, in addition to the types of tattoos seen in these pages, many people choose to have small tattoos placed on strategic or intimate parts of their bodies. Gay men have been known to have small "flying" cocks put on the back of their thighs, with the head pointed at their anus. Women often have small flowers or other more feminine designs placed on their breasts or near their vaginal openings.

Tattoos are no longer considered only for the butch man or masculine woman. People from all walks of life now have tattoos as part of their permanent bodily adornment.

The only real problem with tattoos is that they are permanent. Only plastic surgery can remove them, and even that process leaves a visible scar. So if you decide, as so many others have, to have a tattoo put on your body, think long and hard before you go ahead. It is something that will be with you for the rest of your life. Make sure that the design is one that will always please you and as an added precaution, have it placed somewhere on your body so that it will not always be visible.

A tattoo in an unexpected place can be both a surprise and a sexual turn-on to your selected partner. But a word of warning is also in order: tattoos can also be a turn-off to many people.

The choice, of course, is yours and we suggest only that if you are considering a tattoo, that you think long and hard about it and choose not only the design but the tattoo artist carefully.

It can be an expensive decision as well as a lasting decision, depending on the intricacy of the design you choose and the number of colors that are needed.

Don't, as many people have, make your decision on the spur of the moment and head for the nearest tattoo parlor. Make your decision in the cold light of day and with a sober and clear mind. Shop around, visit several tattoo artists, watch them at work if possible and ask your friends who they consider to be the best at their business.

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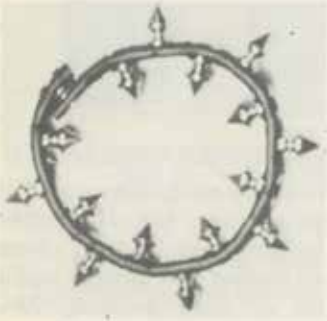

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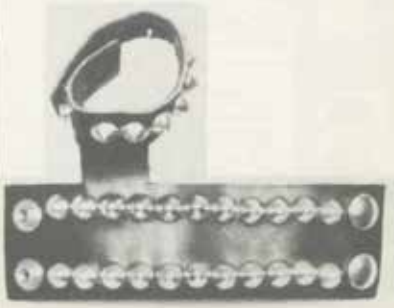

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Before ordering, please read and sign the disclaimer below. (You must also sign if you wish to remain on our mailing list.) This disclaimer is necessary due to harassment of mail order firms in the United States dealing in adult material.

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POSTAGE: We pay postage on all orders over $15. If your order is under $15, add 10% for postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Your order will be shipped out first class in a plain unmarked wrapper. Your personal check must clear our bank before we can process your order. FOREIGN ORDERS: Add an additional 10% for air mail postage.

I enclose $_____. I wish to order the following items by code number:

CATALOG #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE

For additional items, use a separate sheet of paper

☐ I do not wish to order anything at this time, but I would like to remain on your mailing list. Enclosed is $1 to cover postage and handling.

LEGAL DISCLAIMER

I certify by my signature that I am over 18 years of age and that I wish to order the merchandise indicated above for my own personal use in my own home. Please send my order to me at the address indicated. I further certify that I am not a city, county, state or federal law enforcement officer, nor am I an inspector or official of the United States Postal Service, ordering this material with the intention of using such material as evidence for prosecution or harassment of any individual or organization. My signature below also guarantees that I have not, as of this date, signed U.S. Postal Service form 2201 (pursuant to 39 USC 3010), and I hereby warrant that I have no intentions of signing said form 2201 in the future.

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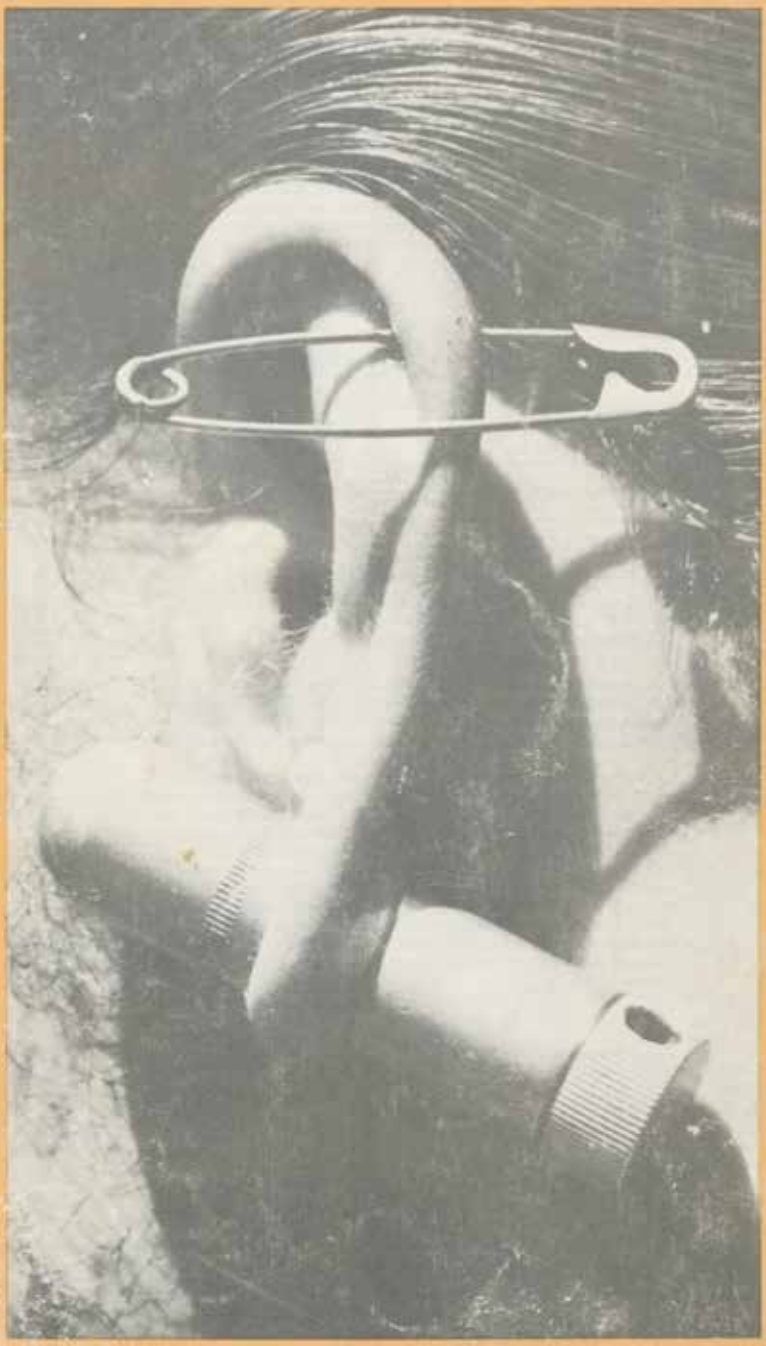
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